

# DRAMATIC MIRROR

AND

## LITERARY COMPANION.

DEVOTED TO THE STAGE AND THE FINE ARTS.

EDITED BY JAMES REES.]

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[NUMBER VII.

### MEMOIR OF MR. JAMES HENRY HACKETT.

James Henry Hackett was born in the city of New York, on the 15th of March, 1800. His father, Thomas G. Hackett, was a native of Holland, descended from an ancient and honorable family,\* and for a number of years held a lieutenant's commission in the life guards of the Prince of Orange, which, in consequence of declining health, he resigned with honor, and emigrated to America, in 1794. In 1799 he married the daughter of the Rev. Abraham Keteltas, of Jamaica, Long-Island, an independent and highly respectable presbyterian clergyman, distinguished for his talents and literary attainments, and zealous devotion of his country's cause in her revolutionary struggle, and settled in the city of New York, where he pursued the occupation of a translator of languages until he died suddenly, of an apoplexy, in March, 1803; his widow, with her only son, the subject of this memoir, then retired to Jamaica, Long Island, where she long resided. In the academy of that village Mr. Hackett was educated, and acquired the rudiments of the Latin and Greek classics. At school, his quick and lively turn of mind did not escape the notice of his preceptors, with whom, however, he gained more credit for his capacity, than application to his studies. Here he used frequently to indulge his natural propensities for mimicry, by imitating the peculiarities of his tutors to the no small amusement of his school-fellows.

In the autumn of 1815 he passed the usual probatory examination, and was admitted a student of Columbia college in this city. A severe and protracted illness, however, retarded the prosecution of his classical studies for nearly a year. After his recovery he did not resume them, but entered at once upon the study of the law; a pursuit that proved by no means congenial to one of his sprightly and volatile disposition. In 1817, his faint partiality for the legal profession was superseded by a desire to become a merchant, and he accordingly entered the counting-house of one of his relatives, in order to be initiated into the mysteries of commerce.

In 1819, Mr. Hackett married, and took from the stage Miss Lee Sugg, of the Park Theatre, (then a distinguished favorite with the public,) and removed to Utica, in that state. He subsequently became extensively engaged in trade, which he conducted very successfully until the spring of 1828, when the city of New York appearing to present a better field for enterprise and the activity of his capital, he returned and was numbered among our Front street merchants. Unfortunately, however, participating in the rage for speculation which then prevailed, he became largely involved, and with many others of our wealthiest and most respectable citizens, suffered heavy losses in consequence of those violent and sudden fluctuations in the market which especially rendered that year so memorably fruitful in bankruptcies.

It was at this period, that, surrounded by the embarrassments and perplexities incident to his peculiar situation, and without any immediate or eventual prospect of regaining his late credit and standing as a merchant, Mr. Hackett first

directed his thoughts toward the stage, with a view of adopting it as a profession. He had in his boyhood imbibed a taste for dramatic representations, and suddenly resolved to try the effect of those powers in public, which had long been considered as designed by nature for the drama, and had so often served to entertain his friends in private.

In March, 1826, he made his first appearance on any stage, at the Park Theatre, as "*Justice Woodcock*," in "*Love in a village*." His success in the character did not equal the expectations of his friends; his usual self-possession and humor seemed to have forsaken him. Though much dissatisfied with himself that night should so have got the better of him at his debut, he determined on making a second attempt, and appeared in various imitations of popular actors, and in stories illustrative of American character, in all of which he was entirely successful.† The large audiences attracted nightly, and the applause he received by their repetitions, caused him to devise some legitimate means of turning an imitation to dramatic account. The "*Comedy of Errors*" seemed best adapted to the purpose, and he resolved in getting it up and personating one of the *Dromios*. The effect of that extraordinary imitation of the humor and peculiarities of Barnes, who performed the twin brother, and the succession of crowded houses it drew, are well known. Encouraged by the result of this effort, Mr. Hackett determined to improve the idea which the warm reception of his Yankee stories had suggested, and having fixed upon Colman's comedy of "*Who wants a Guinea?*" for the experiment, he expunged totally the part of *Solomon Gundy*, substituted one of his own creating, a Yankee, *Solomon Swoop*, and otherwise altered the play which has since been acted under the title of "*Jonathan in England*." This proved a decided hit, and has now in fact become identified with the drama as an original, and established as a stock character.

Anxious to see what phasis the stage wore in the English metropolis, whence most of the theatrical excellence exhibited in this country had been derived, Mr. Hackett took his departure for England, in December, 1826, and spent the principal part of that season in London. In the following April he was induced to try at Covent Garden Theatre an experiment with his Yankee stories, with the ulterior view, if they were well received, of inducing some of the numerous dramatist there to undertake a character for him. Considerable curiosity was awakened on the occasion, to see how a native American would treat of the same manners and peculiarities which their own countrymen, the celebrated Mathews, had so recently made effective, and palmed off upon John Bull for "*ginooyne*," from scraps and fragments, all of which, by the way, he had picked up *second hand* during his flying visit to a few of the Atlantic cities on the northern part of this continent, in 1822. Mr. Hackett, having then appeared but a very few times on any stage, was, of course, quite inexperienced as an artist, and without even the advantage of a friend capable of giving him any profitable advice. It was soon discovered that these stories were "*undramatic, ill arranged, too local and lengthy*," and withal, not properly seasoned

so as to be relished by an audience totally unacquainted with the originals of the characters intended to be delineated. The consequence was, a decided failure, notwithstanding the narrator contrived, by some aptly introduced imitations of Kean and Macready, to turn the tide raised by the disappointment of his audience, and which he found himself at length unable to stem, into torrents of unanimous applause, that followed him even until the fall of the curtain. His imitation of Kean especially, was very highly commended, and pronounced by the critics generally, "*the best they had ever seen*;" but perceiving clearly, that as a novice, he could not expect to overcome difficulties in a path which would prove formidable to the most experienced theatrical veteran, Mr. Hackett prudently desisted from any further attempt at the moment, and resolved on awaiting more favorable auspices in future. In pursuance of this determination, he returned the ensuing summer to this country.

In 1829, Mr. Hackett became lessee and manager of the Chatham and Bowery theatres. Theatricals were generally the very reverse of lucrative at that period; and, in the course of the year, he disposed of all his interest in the management, and devoted his time exclusively to his advancement as an actor.

Mr. Hackett has been literally forced to become a pioneer in the cause of the American comic muse, and explore a totally unknown path, not only alone, but with little aid from others, in attempting to dramatize for him; nevertheless, he has surmounted all obstacles, and added several new and distinct characters to his stock of Yankees, besides calling into action those other originals, Rip Van Winkle, from the Catskill mountains, and the redoubtable Nimrod Wildfire, that "*screamer from Kentucky*."

It has been remarked that no actor, commencing an utter novice in the history of the stage, Garrick not excepted, has derived, within so short a period, so much profit from his efforts as Mr. Hackett; at the same time, he has secured for himself a fame throughout the country, that will ever identify him as the patriarch of his department of the American comic drama. Any eulogium, where an individual is so well known, may seem a matter of supererogation; but there is one fact that does him infinite credit, and in justice should have full publicity; it is, that Mr. Hackett voluntarily devoted several thousand dollars of the first fruits of his theatrical labors towards effecting an honorable and satisfactory settlement with all his late mercantile creditors.

In private life Mr. Hackett is irreproachable. His spirits are high; and those powers exhibited on the stage are not lost in the domestic circle. The memoir of a *living* character must necessarily be brief, and confined in a great degree to his public acts; but we will not dismiss Mr. Hackett without observing, that few possess a more extensive list of friends, or better deserve their partialities.

#### SUNSET.

How beautiful is the dying of the great sun when the last song of the birds fades into the lapse of silence; when the islands of the clouds are bathed in light, and the first star springs up over the grave of day.

\*His father, Edmond Hackett, was by extraction an Irish nobleman, and settled in Amsterdam, where he married, the daughter of the Baron de Massau.

†He played "*Morbleu*" in "*Monsieur Tonson*, also on that occasion.

## THE UGLY CLUB.—No. VII.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Oh, there are hours, ay, moments that contain  
Feelings, that years may pass and never bring,  
Which, whether fraught with pleasure or with pain,  
Can hardly be forgot."

The year 1802 was, and is celebrated for many extraordinary events. In that year the great earthquake occurred at Crema, in Upper Italy; Minquen was entirely swallowed up in the lake; Bresica had three churches and twelve houses destroyed. It was in that year the peace between Great Britain, France, Spain, and Holland was declared. It was a remarkable fact, and noticed at the time, and one worthy to be recorded, that in this year, there was not a single Theatre burnt, or was there in any city throughout the world, a fire of any note. In this year, on the morning of the 3d of February, Jonathan Roughhead, Esq. departed this life, whose death gave rise to an unfeeling couplet, which appeared in a paper of that day, commencing with—

"There's beauty in the land," &c.

alluding, thereby, to so much ugliness being removed.

On that day, near the same hour, the unfortunate Richard Fullerton, was taken from the river Delaware, where he had thrown himself in a fit of desperation. Fullerton was an actor, and the audience taking some exception to his style of acting, hissed him, and continued to do so until he committed the rash deed. He died a victim to sensibility. Not so with Jonathan Roughhead; he died of a broken heart, caused by the sudden change in the person of White! Roughhead died universally regretted, and the members of the Ugly Club wore crape on their left arm for thirty days, as an Epitaph to his memory.

After the death of the President, the character of the Club was somewhat changed, inasmuch as the following motto, taken, we believe, from Horace,

"*Locus est pluribus umbis.*"

was placed over the entrance door. This line the poet, Creech, has used thus,—making an exquisite one to answer the purpose of the Ugly Club.

"There's room enough, and each may bring his friend."

Such, indeed, was the case, for at their very next meeting, when the President took his seat, there were at least twenty invited guests. Not so much from ugliness, but having something of a literary character, Joseph Hutton was chosen as the representative of Roughhead. The peculiar nose which graced that gentleman's face, and the smirk of satisfaction, which ever and anon, passed over his countenance, gave to the whole, a very comical expression. He, however, made a good President. Among the guests on the occasion to which we now particularly allude to, was a busy little fellow by the name of Collins; he was foreman in the printing office, which had the honor of publishing a "Weekly," to which Hutton was a liberal contributor. Collins seemed to be rather fidgety during the eating part of the time, and when the wine was introduced, he became disagreeably loquacious—"Gentlemen," said he, "permit me to remark—Mr. President, let me beg; I have the floor, Mr. Tyler, excuse me sir, if you please." Mr. Royal Tyler was an invited guest, he was the author of several plays; we have already alluded to him in that capacity, as the author of the "Contrast." At this time, he was not only a contributor, but the associate of Dennie, in the publication of the Port Folio. Professor Dwight termed Dennie the Addison of America! Tyler presuming upon his talents and his character, opposed Collins.

"Mr. President, I stand here upon my rights as an invited guest; those rights I claim, and look to you for protection. I am the friend of Mr. Dennie, the gentleman who introduced me. My object in rising was to suggest some important information—information, sir."

"Which the Club cares very little about."

This impertinent remark was made by no less a personage than the celebrated Dr. Samuel Latham Mitchell. He had arrived that very day from New York, for the express purpose of laying before the club, of which he was a member, the fruits of his researches into its origin, and the history of its rise and progress to that period. The remark silenced Tyler, who, after casting a fighting look at the Doctor, sat down between Dennie, and the justly celebrated Dr. Williamson, thus giving Collins an opportunity to speak, and to give the devil his due, he was an excellent orator.

"Mr. President, have I the floor?"

"You have that portion of it upon which you stand."

"Am I in my place, sir? be kind enough, Mr. Hutton, to leave your wit out of the question. Am I in my place, sir?"

"That, Mr. Collins, is a question the club must decide."

"The question, the question," was now the universal cry.

"All those who consider Mr. Collins out of place, will please to signify their assent by saying aye; those to the contrary, no."

"Mr. Collins you are out of place."

Collins sat down. At that moment there jumped up a tall cadaverous looking man, whose outside was the worse for wear, and very probably the inside was not much better lined, and thus commenced:

"Gentlemen, and ugly members of the Ugly Club, and invited guests—Although I am but a poor specimen of the class literary, yet I am a member of the several philosophical societies of this city. I am the editor of the 'Ladies Weekly Messenger,' to which that gentleman," pointing to Hutton, "is a contributor. I now ask you, gentlemen; I put the question to you unprejudiced, if he is fit to preside over this society after producing such nonsense as this—read, gentlemen, read."

"The Castle of Altenheim, or the Mysterious Monk."

"Is not the very title enough to condemn any man?"

"Not without a hearing," exclaimed Dennie.

"Then hear it sir. I will read the commencement."

Hutton protested; said it was unfair—ungracious—it was but a simple tale; spoke of his poetry; his Don Guiscarda; his dramatic productions, &c. It was all to no purpose, the majority were for hearing, and hear they would; and the speaker went on.

"The Castle of Altenheim, or the Mysterious Monk."

## CHAPTER I.

"Gentlemen, he has two quotations gracing the chapter, one from Shakspeare and one from himself,—excess of modesty—but I will proceed:—*'The sun had sunk beneath the western ocean, the mist of gray twilight had retired from the landscape, and the moon arose attended by her twinkling train.'*"

"Stop, sir!" exclaimed Bronson, the publisher, and I believe editor of the Philadelphia Gazette, "Did you say train?"

"Train was the word."

"Train will do, Mr. Bronson; it is a figure of speech; go on, go on."

"When Ferdinand, Count Altenheim, and Prince of the Roman Holy Empire, ordered the Governess,"—

"Dr. Mitchell, I beg to ask you a question, why does he say Holy Roman Empire? Was Rome holier than other Empires or countries of that period?"

"The gentleman having appealed to me for an explanation of this important part of our worthy President's learned discourse upon the history of Rome,"—

"Excuse me, Doctor, it is a romance."

"Learned romance, I mean. I feel that I am unable, or rather, should say, incapable of answering that important question, at this precise, this very particular moment. As all other

ligions than those of the Catholic are detached bodies from,—that is, humph,—the original doctrine; so are the followers of such bodies or religions, dissenters from the Catholic,—which, as I take it, that is,—umh! the original,—excuse me, gentlemen; a glass of wine, Dennie, if you please." The reader of the romance, went on:

"Ordered the Governess of the fair and beauteous Amelia, his daughter, to attend him in his study. Editha said, when they were seated,"—

"Hold!"—"Stop!" resounded through the room. At that moment, a loud knocking was heard at the outer door. "Silence, gentlemen, I hear the signal; door keeper attend to your duty; ah! it is Cooper, the great, the glorious Cooper; admit him." The door was opened, and Thomas A. Cooper, the then popular tragedian entered, accompanied by a gentleman, whose jolly laughter-moving face, and body, not unlike a hogshead in shape, reminded one of the Falstaff of Shakspeare's creation, and it is a curious fact, worthy of note, that Mr. Warren, for that was the name of the new visitor, was induced by members of the Club to personate the character of the Jolly Knight. His success was so great, that to this day, his memory is linked with that of Falstaff, and will only cease to exist when the rich imagery of the immortal bard ceases to please, or the romance of the drama to charm. Warren was regularly introduced. Cooper had been playing Richard, and was somewhat exhausted, still the jest, the laugh, the anecdote, and the glee went round, and it is remarked in a note at the foot of their journal, "that such a company had never before assembled inside the walls of the club room." In the head writing of Hutton, which by the way was very bad, we find the following: (dated 1802.)

"Although I was somewhat scored on the ground of my literary productions this evening, yet was the wound soon healed, for in such a company, with a Dennie, a Cooper, and the inimitable Warren, no man would ask the question, can you, 'minister to a mind diseased,' for the medicine and the physician were infallible, and stood before us. When all other scenes shall have passed away,

And

Are melted into air, into thin air:  
And like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
The cloud cap'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yes, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,  
And like this unsubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind.

The remembrance of this evening will overleap the "wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds," and perch itself on the "other side."

The reader must remember, that Hutton wrote this under great excitement, both mental and physical, which is the only apology that can be made for its "far fetchedness."

## NOTES TO NUMBER VII.

Fullerton.—That he was hunted to suicide by that system of showing a dislike to an actor by hissing him nightly, there can be no doubt. A very worthy man who resided in Baltimore, at the time, says:—"I was in a corner of the Green Room, in the theatre one night, when Fullerton was actually hissed off the stage."

When the poor persecuted actor came into the Green Room, he did not perceive the gentleman, and clenching his fists, struck his forehead, and swore with a most desperate oath, that the ruffians would be the death of him. His sensibility to outrage and insult overpowered and unmanned him. A few days afterwards he consigned himself to the waves of the Delaware, to escape from the fury of his remorseless persecutors.

"The Castle of Altenheim, or the Mysterious Monk," was re-printed by Dickinson & Ward, Philadelphia, 1836, and is a truly wretched affair.



THE  
SOUTHERN STAGE,  
DRAMATIC LITERATURE.

IN THREE PARTS.

(PART II.)

THE SOUTHERN GATES.

On the 16th of May 1836, the "Martyr Patriots," a tragedy in five acts was produced at the St. Charles—it was written by T. W. Collins, Esq. and is founded upon a portion of the history of Louisiana.

PROLOGUE TO THE MARTYR PATRIOTS.

Written by Colley Cibber—and Recited by Miss Cushman.

To other climes, our native drama long,  
Hath been indebted for the theme of song—  
The lyre hath slept where genius richly grew—  
No hall—nor grove,—its matchless numbers  
knew,  
No hand, no breeze, its magic cords e'er stir'd—  
Mid distant scenes its strains were only heard.

But now, the harp, by native talent strung,  
Breathes forth a strain to native music sung—  
Behold, the flowrets of our country's page  
Bloom in their pride and blossom on the stage—  
No more we seek, on Europe's classic ground,  
Themes for our bards—here richer gems abound,  
Here genius soars in all its pride and art,  
Wings her broad flights, to chain the willing  
heart,

And smiling thousand cheer the kindling fire,  
Whose genial warmth our youthful sons inspire.

Your bard, unused to other climes and age,  
Turns from the classic lore of history's page,  
Leaves the bold scenes of proud, imperial Rome,  
Shuns crowded courts, and finds a theme at home!  
Now, from the annals of our native land,  
He shows us, here, that little martyr band  
Who fought for right when base oppression  
came,  
Coupled with wrongs, and backed by regal Spain;  
And like the spirit of an after age  
Stamp'd freedom boldly on our country's page  
And taught a tyrant how the just and brave  
Could break vile chains—fit only for a slave;  
They spurned the despot, and with dauntless  
eye  
Showed the base tyrant how Martyr Patriots die.

Such are the scenes your author would  
portray,  
And such the subject of the poet's lay—  
He asks indulgence claims the drama's laws,  
Whose generous verdict is—a kind applause.

The next production in order, was a two act farce, called the "Miniature," it was well received by a good natured audience. Written by Colley Cibber.

On Saturday evening, February 22d 1835, was produced a play in five acts, entitled "Tutoona, or the Battle of Saratoga." Its success was fully commensurate to its merits. The following editorial article, appeared in the Bee of February 24th.—

A new play so called, written by Mr. Harby, was produced at the American Theatre on Saturday last, to a very crowded audience. The event is placed at the period of our revolutionary war, when Gates conquered Burgoyne at Saratoga—which is intended to be noticed in the drama.

The story is simple, though impressive in the stage effect, if properly represented. The Indian chief Coppersnake (Pearson) is allied with the British against the Americans. At the commencement of the piece, he has in custody at his wigwam Miss Scott (Mrs. Rowe) the daughter of the American Major Scott, who has sent a small party in search of her. This party accompanied by a colonel, (Williamson) the lover of the young lady, halts at the log-house of the hunter Doyle (Thorne;) but are there surprised and attacked by Coppersnake—who is defeated. Miss Scott is set free unransomed by

the chief, who, seeing that Mantago (Bannister,) a leader of his tribe, had made an attempt on her life, and seemed to threaten another—sent his daughter Tutoona (Mrs. Russell,) as escort for the "white squaw." Mantago haunted by revenge, follows and attacks Miss Scott; but repelled by the Indian girl, he vows double revenge for the blow on both. The ladies have arrived among the Americans, Mantago makes a second attack; but is unsuccessful. Tutoona continues sometime with Miss Scott and her family. Coppersnake distressful for her stay, reconnoitres himself; and finding her so courteously treated, his sense of gratitude overcomes his love of money; and he allies himself with the Americans against English. The battle of Saratoga should here occur; but it was shamefully omitted in the representation—which ended with the death of Mantago, slain in combat at the grave of his fathers, by Coppersnake.

The prologue of the play had been written by our theatrical correspondent, Colley Cibber, to whom it does great credit; and was admirably delivered by Master Russell, who repeatedly received the plaudits of the audience. The play itself was not so well performed, as it deserved. The machinery was imperfectly manœuvred, and some of the players seemed indifferent in their characters. But Pearson and Bannister excelled themselves. Pearson's Coppersnake was depicted to the life, true in costume, vivid in conception, and effective in performance.

After the curtain closed, Mr. Harby was called for; and made an appropriate address.

It is but justice to say that Tutoona is the best national drama we have—greatly superior to "She would be a Soldier" of Major Noah.

This is indeed high praise, but not undeserved. In addition to the pieces already named, G. W. Harby Esq. has written several others, some of which have been played in different parts of the United States, with distinguished success—among which are—"Minka"—"The Robber Girl"—"Azzo"—"The Gentleman in black"—"Stephanie," a prize tragedy—"Nick of the Woods"—"The Deceived," and several others of a minor character.

In addition also to the few written by the author of this work are the "Demon's Gift"—"Lafitte"—"The Squatter"—"Brigand's daughter" and "Mike Fink." The first three have been played in this city, and as usual where there is an indulgent audience, they were successful.

Two other pieces were produced at the St. Charles street Theatre, one entitled "Oseola," written by Mr. Thomas of Cincinnati, the piece failed in consequence of the bad taste displayed in making the Indians conquerors, on every occasion, a number of Florida volunteers being present, they gave it, what is called in theatrical parlance the goose.

The other was called the "Prairie Girls," deservedly hissed by a judicious audience, who ready as they always are to tolerate mediocre talent, would not sanction such a display of bombast and fustian as were contained in that production, author unknown.

A play was performed in Mobile written by a gentleman of that city, called "Aaron Burr"—it lacked interest, hence a failure. Many pieces have succeeded in this country as well as in Europe, whose chief merits consisted in their dramatic effect—machinery, &c., and the remark has frequently been made, that the prompter, carpenter, and painter are the best artists after all, in the way of producing pieces for the stage; in the absence of the legitimate drama, saw-dust and horses, clowns and rope dancing are no doubt the most profitable.

\*Played at the St. Charles, March 2d, 1837.

†Played at the close of the dramatic season of 1836

A STAGE DRIVER'S REMARK.

"There's one thing I'd never do, no how."

"Well, what is it?"

"Why, if I was a landlady, I'd never keep hired girls that were handsomer than I was."

THE MISERIES OF POVERTY.

The following extract is from the Lights and Shadows of Irish Life. It is brim-full of true pathos, simplicity, and pure natural feeling, and the sentiment cannot well pass without eking out its way to the deep recesses of the human heart. It is an address from a poor peasant to the bailiff who was seizing the scanty remainder of his furniture for rent:

"God bless you," he exclaimed, "and don't take that, *it's nothing but a kish*; it's not worth two pence to you; it's fallen to pieces; but it's more to me than ten thousands; *it's nothing but a kish*; but my oldest boy—he, thank God, that's not to the fore to see his father's poverty this day—he slept in it many a long night, when the eyes of his blessed mother hadn't gone among the bright stars of heaven, but were here to watch him; *it's nothing but a kish*; yet many a time little Kathleen crowed, and held up her innocent head out of it to kiss her dady: *it's nothing but a kish*; but many a day in the middle of my slavery, have I and my wife (the blessed saints take her soul to glory!) and five as beautiful children as ever stirred a man's heart in his bosom, sat round it, and cut the praytie and salt out of it fresh and wholesome; and when I had my six blessings to look on, it was little I cared for the slavery a poor Irishman is born to: *it's nothing but a kish*; but it has been with me full, and it has been with me empty, for many a long year, and its used to me, it knows my troubles; for since the bed was sold from under me for the last gale, what had I but it to keep my head from the cold earth? Don't take it—*it's nothing but a kish*!"

How true is the homely saying, that one half of the world knows not how the other half live! Here is a picture of honest poverty, manly feeling, and pure affection, which we have rarely seen more touchingly portrayed—more truly drawn from nature. How many such scenes take place in this world; even in our own happy country how many a poor wretch must lay down his head upon "the cold earth"—not even possessed of a "kish" to shelter him!

"Ah! little think the gay licentious proud,  
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround;  
They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,

And wanton, often cruel, riot waste;  
Ah! little think they, as they dance along,  
How many feel, this very moment, death  
And all the sad variety of pain.  
How many sink in the devouring flood,  
Or more devouring flame! how many bleed  
By shameful variance betwixt man and man!  
How many pine in want!"

GRAMMATICAL.

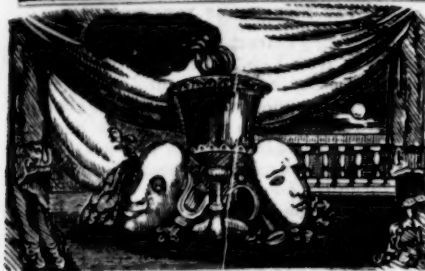
"Sammy," said a fond father to his son who was just studying English grammar, "our cat caught a rat—in which case is the noun cat in this sentence?" "The *nominative*," replied Sammy. "Very good—very good, indeed—but the rat—is the rat in the nominative case too?" "Why no sir," hesitated Sammy, "the rat, sir is in—is—yes sir, the rat is in—" "What?" "Why sir he's in a *very bad case*, indeed sir!" "You're a smart boy, Sammy, you are—you may go down head."

The Italian Opera in New Orleans is all the rage. Madame Ober Rassi has taken the city by storm. Caldwell is in ecstasies, he goes the whole alphabet for the opera.

Levi North attracts crowded houses at Baltimore, by his splendid feats of horsemanship.

Booth has been robbed at Washington—he was afraid he got into bad company.

Humbag.—The building a theatre for "Miss Cushman.



## DRAMATIC MIRROR, AND LITERARY COMPANION.

Saturday Morning, March 26, 1842.

We publish an article from the "New York Tattler," under the head of "Awful disclosures connected with the burning of the National Theatre, &c." Read—*pause*—REFLECT.

### THE DRAMA, ITS CHANGES, &c.

To exalt the drama, the public voice is as necessary as that of the manager of a theatre.—The latter calculates upon the assistance of the former, and, united, they establish it on a basis so firm that the shafts of its enemies, pass by unheeded.

These managers deserve great praise who in their high position consulted the taste of the public, and catered for their pleasure with a strict eye to good order, decency and morality—their exertions in its cause should be met with a corresponding feeling on the part of play-goers and patronized accordingly.

A well conducted theatre is a temple within whose walls the presiding genius of literature holds its court. It is a temple of the muses, abounding with the richest gems of the earth—sparkling with wit and humor, and sending away those who visit it, pleased with themselves and all the world. It may be likened unto a vast garden filled with rich and variegated flowers, charming to the eye, intoxicating to the sense, from which we reluctantly depart, though laden with its choicest plants.

We can trace back the birth of the drama—though a succession of ages to the earliest period of the history of the arts, and identify it with all that was classical, all that was moral. In Athens the theatres flourished under the production of religion, with the most unlimited freedom, and the public morality preserved it for a time from degeneracy.

The strictures of Plato against the stage had the same effect upon its moral character then, that they would have now. The drama was purified under his withering criticisms, and immorality and licentiousness compelled to quit the arena with shame stamped upon their brow.

The lover of the drama will find in the history of the English stage, many very curious changes in the character of its literature. At one time the *élite* of London became so fascinated with the French school, that nothing would, to use a theatrical expression, go down, but the prostituted productions of these hired caterers for a *refined* public taste. A dramatic writer in speaking of this portion of the English drama, says:—

"In alluding to the theatrical world as it now exists, it is impossible to avoid noticing some of the innovations which a depraved taste and the corruption introduced by foreign associations have effected on the drama. Though the

legitimate drama had been raised by the lever of gigantic intellect from the crude mass of extraneous rubbish amid which it had so long been buried and obscured, yet it was not destined to remain long in a state of purity. Shakspeare soon became a stale commodity with some of the dramatic connoisseurs; the soul inspiring strains of the greatest poet the world ever produced palled on their delicate senses; and even the classic and highminded John Kemble was compelled to succumb to the all powerful dictates of fashion. The drama's laws, the drama's patrons give in; and the capering of horses and of French opera dancers usurped the temple dedicated to the muses. Children of large and small growth assembled in crowds to witness the amblings of the *Buccephalus* of the stage; and every mouth was open to pronounce with Alexander, 'What noble beasts!' London led the way in this prostitution of the drama; and the works of the immortal bard of Avon.

"Who ruled like a wizard, the world of the heart,  
And could call up its sunshine, and bring down its showers."

were shrouded in saw-dust, and trampled under the hoofs of quadrupeds; and in their stead was substituted the gew-gaw display of gold leaf and vermillion, and the exhibition of learned swine, wise cur-dogs, rope-dancers, and pye-bald horses.

"It is the proud distinction of one theatre, that its boards were never thus polluted. In the theatre of Edinburgh, under the judicious management of Mr. Murray and Mrs. H. Siddons, the legitimate drama continued to be performed to full houses and gratified audiences at a period when it had lost its attractions not only in London, but in almost every provincial town in the United Kingdom. The citizens of Edinburgh deserve to participate in the compliment, and it will redound to their eternal honor that the banner of true taste floated triumphantly from their walls, when every other fortress of the muses had tamely surrendered to the invasion of a despotic faction.

It is from these facts staring us in the face, proving the instability as well as the folly of encouraging such monstrosities on the stage that we hail with joy any thing having a tendency to correct the abuses which abound in our dramatic history. From the same author we make another extract; speaking of the radical change which took place shortly after the 'horse and French opera' fever, he says:

"Improvements have been made in every department of the drama, the language of some of the old authors has been altered to suit the refinement of the age we live in, and the scenic decorations and the costumes of the characters have been rendered more appropriate to the localities of the plot. The low jests and indelicate allusions that were 'the pith and marrow' of a piece with 'the groundlings' of Shakspeare and Jonson, would not be relished by the critical acumen of modern pit; and as the dresses contribute much to the theatrical illusion, they have latterly assumed a less gaudy and more consistent appearance. Long draperies, hair without powder, naked arms, and antique sandals would not have been appreciated in the days of our ancestors, and as comedy is generally a true picture of real life, the fashion in the dress of our comedians has varied with the ever changing fashions of the world. Garrick first played *Fribble*, in 'Miss in her Teens,' in

the year 1747, and though at that period, *fopery* was carried to its height, the identical coat in which he then appeared, has since been worn by the representative of a grave, close, stock-jobbing money-looking citizen; and it is even said that the same great actor performed the part of Othello in the uniform of a British officer. The theatre ought to afford to youth a course of living history; and as negligence in the costume and other essential requisites, would be calculated to give false notions of the habits and manners of the ancient personages whom tragedy brings back to existence, judicious alterations have been made, and the stage may now be considered as having reached a state of complete perfection."

At this period however there is a certain degradation of the drama which play-goers tacitly acknowledge, and critics refuse to notice. It is a degradation brought upon it by *immoral men*, whose licentious habits are such that if they are not checked in time, our very theatres will present the appearance of *vice flaunting in the sunshine of public favor*!! We noticed the other night in the Boxes and Pit of a theatre several noted courtizans whose bold impudence was only equalled by their gaudy attire, and can it be urged in excuse that managers, door-keepers, and officers were not aware of the character of these intruders into what should be the respectable part of the dramatic temple.

We have now two theatres in full operation, next week we shall have three. It is said out of opposition many good things have been known to spring. In its application however to the drama, we are scarcely able or willing to incline. The managers of two theatres, the Chesnut and Walnut are both we believe, well disposed toward the literature of our country, but the manager of the Arch contemplates making it a feature in his establishment, and will no doubt be encouraged by the American people. This indeed is the only way to give the drama a decided American character. The encouragement given to authors in England, in what is called its 'golden days' brought forth to its aid such names as Addison, Goldsmith, Sheridan, and even Dr. Johnson floated down from his eagle *eyrie* to dip his wing in the *Avonian* stream. If he failed it was because he viewed the subject as too insignificant for his *stupendous* genius. Dr. Johnson's *Irene* however owes its existence to the encouragement given to dramatic authors by managers of theatres.

We have among us dramatic writers of well-known celebrity, the name of Payne, Bird, Smith, Conrad, Steele, and a host of others unknown to fame, cannot be permitted to slumber in silence amid the din and uproar made by managers with the productions of foreign writers. If they are permitted to sleep on, let this epitaph be written upon a plain marble slab,

HERE LIES

A NEGLECTED SON OF GENIUS;

A NATIVE FLOWER

which faded, withered, and died in a garden

MADE UP OF

FOREIGN EXOTICS.



"Here we meet too soon to part,"

*Old Song.*

The uniting of the Chesnut and National theatres is an advent in theatrical world worth recording, to say nothing of the manner and the result, it is altogether a queer move on the chequered board of the drama. A few members of Burton's company have been added to the Chesnut stock, making when summed up one so limited in talent and circumscribed in quality that we were actually surprised at the management calling it a "double company," and upon the strength of this very weak point raise the price of admission to seventy-five cents.

There are it is true a few really very good actors on the list, in whose remembrance dwells the names of those who formed a stock company, at this theatre years back, which for genius and talent, might have challenged the dramatic world, and that company, among whom was a Warren, a Jefferson, a W. B. Wood, a Francis, a Blisset, a Duff, a Burke, and a host of others, the meanest of whom would have paled the lustre of the third and fourth rates named on this flaming list, was called a single company, and considered inefficient at that.

There is a something mysterious in the meaning of "double company" which time that brings forth all things will no doubt explain. After enumerating several leading performers, we have the names of actors and actresses, who are not known in or out of the profession, paraded forth to the public eye, to the astonishment of all little boys, and the sneers of those who know the secrets of the green room, and this is self-styled a double company. It was no doubt a part of that which was officially announced in Baltimore as the best that ever visited the monumental city. We like a little humbug now and then, but when it is piled on too thick, it will peel off.

Mr. Dinmore the gentlemanly treasurer has been discharged to give place to a Mr. Edmonds.

Mrs. Thayer an old standard of the Chesnut has been discharged—cause unknown—others will follow.

#### PHILADELPHIA.

**CHESNUT ST. THEATRE.**—Bulwer's popular play of "Money," was presented on Wednesday evening, to a full and fashionable audience, under the auspices of Mr. Burton, who is now associated with the gentlemanly Mr. Pratt, in the management of "Old Drury." We opine that the laurels of this favourite theatre will speedily flourish with so much efficiency as will exist in the several departments, and it affords us pleasure to perceive that nearly all the old performers have been retained, with the exception of Mrs. Thayer, whom we are compelled to state is not among those whose names appear. This we regret, as she is a worthy lady, and an excellent actress. The orchestral department we perceive, has undergone some change for the better, and if it be true, that an inefficiency still exists in the corps, we shall be pleased to note the fact of a few more gentlemen being engaged to "rosin the bow," for our souls are in a measure attuned to melody and delight in the "concord of sweet sounds." The overtures were well played, and came over us like music floating from the Isles

of the blest. The repetition of such delicious strains of melody from the sublime compositions of the masters, would prove an agreeable source of amusement every evening, and we hope to have them repeated, "*Do favour us, Mr. Woolf.*"

There is one source of annoyance we would remark, *en passant*, and this consists in the opening and shutting of the several entrances from the lobbies, the noise of which is really distressing. Every coxcomb who pops his monkey phiz into the box, is sure to speedily withdraw it, and alarm you by the rebound of the closing door. Having pointed it out, we rest assured it will meet with attention.

In reviewing the performance, it will be necessary to remark, that we were led to believe "the double company," would have imparted such a brilliancy to the several scenes, as to have far exceeded the usual quantum of light shed upon an ordinary enactment! In this we were very much disappointed, for with the exception of several meritorious artists, the performance was in many respects really indifferent, "stale, flat, and unprofitable." Of the names most conspicuously displayed in the hand-bills, but two were above mediocrity.

The impersonation of Sir Frederick, by Mr. Richings, was such as leaves us no room to find fault. It was a gem, as well as "a buck" of the "first water." The conception, dress, and enaction of the character, cannot be approached by any other actor in the country. We desire to see no other *ape* Richings.

We laughed heartily at Burton's impersonation of the character of Graves; it was a perfect burlesque, made up of ugly mouths, twisted features, and base contortions of person. This is not acting; Othello and Hamlet have been burlesqued, and we have laughed at the excellence of the travesty; but we consider the Graves of Mr. Burton, the best caricature of a part we ever witnessed.

Mr. Wallack as Evelyn, tame and imperfect. We have seldom witnessed more marked impropriety in gesture and pronunciation, than what characterised his entire performance. There should have been an abundance of preparatory study before he entered on the task of representation; and we would frankly suggest to him to "leave off those d—ble faces," and begin again with propriety!

Mrs. Sefton as Clara, totally unsuited to the character, and not to say it discortously bereft of all the charms, with which the character should be invested. In masculine parts, we scarcely know her equal, but where beauty should lend its sweet enthrallment, nothing but a failure could be expected, and such was her portraiture in the part of Clara. Some lovely female form and face, united with youth and talent, is very much wanted at this establishment, to fill such parts, and make us realize the dramatist's bright creations. Old men and old women usurp too much of our time and attention, and gallantry aside, we wish for a maid of sweet sixteen!

And now we shall speak of those whose names did not figure largely in the bills, and with some justice too, for they deserved but little consideration.

Mr. E. Shaw's Captain Dudley Smooth was a rich specimen of the *brogue*, and an inordinate display of insipid affectation.

Sir John Vesey by Mr. W. Jones, clever in many respects, and imperfect in others, rendering the performance unequal throughout, detracting materially from its interest.

Mr. Faulkner as Mr. Stout, was really excellent, and portrayed the character in a natural and effective manner.

Mr. Eberle's Old Member, enquiring after the snuff box, was capital, for so quaint a part.

The residue of the cast in the absence of Mrs. W. Jones, was merely tolerable, and with the termination of the first piece we quit the theatre.

**WALNUT STREET THEATRE.**—(Mr. Proctor.)—Since our last notice of this gentleman he has appeared in *Virginus*, *Rolls*, and *William Tell*. Of his *Damon* we spoke from the impression it made upon us, without taking into consideration circumstances which tended to operate against him, these circumstances were the associations naturally connected with his position after an absence of several years, and which would have been the effect on a first appearance, of detracting somewhat from the usual excellence of the actor. We make this explanation as an act of justice due to Mr. Proctor, after witnessing the several characters in which he has appeared since with so much success.

Miss Medina's Nick of the Woods, was produced on Saturday for the first time in this city, in which we had an excellent opportunity of witnessing the very excellent, and peculiar melo-dramatic powers of Mr. Proctor. In the various character assumed by Mr. Proctor in this piece he was the finished artist, and we only regret that so much really good acting was thrown away upon such stuff. It is no more to be compared to our friend Harby's piece than green cheese is to the moon. It was repeated on Monday evening, with the "*Last Days of Pompeii*" for the benefit of Mr. Proctor, the house, as his houses have been, was crowded.

**ARCH STREET THEATRE.**—This establishment opened for one night, (Monday) this week, to afford Mr. Charles an opportunity of taking a benefit, assisted by a portion of the Chesnut street company. As we expected it rained on the occasion, for it is a peculiar melancholy fact, that it rains whenever he puts his name up for a benefit, would we could say with Shakspeare,

"It rain'd down fortune, show'ring on your head."

The drama of *le Tour de Neale*, in which Mr. Conner played his favorite character of Buridan was the feature of the evening, and most admirably does he perform it—the piece is an effective one, and the dramatic situations peculiarly impressive. Mrs. Charles played Margaret with unusual spirit.

*Rains apolo benefito quito.*

#### ARCH STREET THEATRE

Will open on Monday with a full and efficient company, under the management of Mr. Porter, Mr. Durang as prompter and stage manager, and Mr. Dinmore late of the Chesnut street, box office keeper and treasurer. Among the corps dramatic we find the names of Conner, Mrs. Thayer, Mr. and Mrs. Thoman, Mr. J. Porter, and Miss Sarah Ann Porter, and others well known to the profession.

## TEMPERANCE AND THE STAGE

It is a question which time has yet to solve whether the expansion of the human mind has not attained to the utmost limits allotted to it in the order of creation, and whether having arrived at sublimity, it is not now very rapidly approximating to the ridiculous. We are warm advocates of temperance, firm and inflexible advocates of that good and sacred cause which prescribes the rule of temperance in all things. We burn with no intolerant zeal in the extirpation of King Alcohol, and cannot be brought to denounce as infidels, those miserable men, who will not be converted to Graham bread and cold water. For our own parts, we have no objection to Graham bread, or cold water, provided we are not called upon to diet on the one, and compulsorily constrained to slake our thirst with the other; and we verily believe we shall not arrive at any conviction of their pancreatic properties, until we meet with a cold water poet rivaling the genius of those illustrious men, who, revelling in the juices of the grape, felt the scriptural truth, that 'wine gladdens the heart,' and have left their names on record with their inspired works to live for all time.

Old Homer was no cold water poet, Vigil was famed for his rich vineyards; Anacreon, ah, the rogue—he was an inveterate bibber. Sophocles, Eschylus, Menander, all, all, loved wine. Tragedy writing rogues, they knew nothing of cold water, but as a remedy when fever run high, or for purposes of ablution. Plautus, the pagan vagrant wrote of wine in his works, as the inspiring draught drawing out the mind, and communicating it through the pen. Petrarch, who could so richly point a sonnet to his lady's eye-brow, loved his glass, and never saw the beauties of his Laura so happily as through its medium; but to come down to later times—Corneille, Moliere, Racine, immortalized among Frenchmen as poets of the first order in dramatic composition, had a mortal aversion to cold water as a drink, a sort of hydrophobic aversion which they never dreamed of conquering; and Cervantes, the imitable Cervantes, while leading you over the Morena, and travelling with you through the rich vineyards of Andalusia, tempts you with his descriptions of those luscious regions where king Alcohol secretes himself in the wine sack, and is found presiding in the palace of grandee, in the road side hostelry, or in the mountain huts of wandering Muletters. Intemperate varlet, his works should be committed to the hands of the President of the Washington Benevolent Temperance Society, whose benevolence would extend to his immediate committal to the flames.

Shakspeare, the profane author of thirty-six, tragedies and plays, was also a bibber, and no doubt that his works were iniquitously inspired by that inveterate foe to cold water, king Alcohol; we need not enumerate the dramatic writers who have followed in the train of the rum-cash god, to our own days, for among dramatic writers, even including divines we shall not find one cold water exception.

The only thing that can be said in favour of these men is, that in their days the true light of temperance had not broken in upon the world, they know nothing of temperance or of

its first fixed and inimitable principle, total abstinence, they could know nothing of the great and besetting vice of moderate drinking. It was the discovery of our day, that the vineyard is the plantation of the devil, and that none but the devil and his followers would ever partake of the grape either in the bunch or from the cask.

Our friends will draw their own deductions from what we have advanced, and see at once that temperance and the stage are at issue, that teetotalism can never tolerate the continuance of an institution, which derives itself of such unholy means as the vineyard, and therefore we recommend its immediate abolition.

## NEW YORK.

**PARK THEATRE.**—In our last number, in anticipation of the performances of the week, we announced Julius Cæsar for representation on Friday evening, being for the benefit of Mr. Abbott, the play was changed, however, to Sheridan's comedy of the Rivals which was not more successfully represented than we anticipated would have been the case if Julius Cæsar had been the ill-fated production of the evening. Placide should never attempt Bob Acres; his conception of the part is wrong, and his personation the most imperfect even under a false conception, we have ever witnessed at his hands. But why was the play changed? simply because Thomas Hamblin who had engaged his services to Abbott out of brotherly love free of any expense, was suddenly induced to change his mind, and in pure self-love to modesty demanded the trifling sum of one hundred dollars for his night's performance which Abbott declined.

On Monday, Shakspeare's Tempest was announced for performance on these boards instead of which we were introduced to Dryden's lame and impotent adaption of that splendid drama to the stage, with the original music of Arne and Locke, and the anything but original music of Charles Horn, scientific on the one hand, and barrel organ grinding on the other.

**CHATHAM.**—Thorne still holds on to John Sefton.

**FRANKLIN.**—Has closed its doors on the teetotallers.

## ITEMS.

□ We stop the press to announce the destruction of Caldwell's splendid temple, the San Carlos Theatre, New Orleans. It was destroyed by fire on Saturday evening the 13th of March. We have not space for further particulars—a full description of the theatre has already appeared in the Mirror.

Manvers, the Seguins, Mr. Sinclair, Mrs. and Miss Barnes are in Charleston.

Miss Clifton whipped a man in Richmond with his own cane—good!

Yankee Hill has got back to New York—returned again to his wife and children like a good boy.

The Tremont Theatre Boston is about to be converted into a church.

The old Federal Theatre is used by the Methodists—what spouting they must have there. Where is Parson the theatrical preacher?

The letter of our New Orleans correspondent came too late for this week's Mirror.

**Humbag.**—The new feature of animal magnetism at the Walnut street Theatre.

**Extraordinary.**—Flynn's apology for the non-appearance of Mr. Proctor the other evening.

Mrs. Fitzwilliam is playing at the American Theatre New Orleans.

Fanny Ellsler is in Havana, going to try her hand at managing a theatre.—No-go!

Butler is at Mobile.

Mrs. Drake is making a tour with a theatrical company through Tennessee.

Our friend James H. Chappell, Esq. has just issued his "pattern card" for the spring fashions, which is really an admirable affair. What Beau Brummel "used to be" to the fashionable world, Chappell is to the tailors at the present moment, the very mirror of fashion. His office is located at the N. W. corner of Third and Dock streets, where our esteemable friend is to be found at all times, prepared to exhibit and dispose of his ton-nish charts.

## AWFUL DISCLOSURES,

Connected with the burning of the National Theatre—Hurd and Shiers proved to be innocent.

The public mind—owing to a few paragraphs which recently appeared in this paper—is a good deal excited relative to the burning of the National Theatre.

It was known from the first instance that the fire which left the theatre a ruin, and destroyed the life of a human being, was the act of an incendiary, and it was thought that there would have been no difficulty in tracing him out, and making him expiate his offence on the gallows; and thought would have been right, had not the ministers of justice either been asleep, or soothed into inaction by the golden wand of corruption.

Immediately after the fire two men were apprehended—two poor men who had no friends, and were therefore good and cheap subjects for victimising. These men were Hurd and Shiers, and we would say it was an act of stupidity—of suspicion run mad—to charge them with the offence, were it not that we have a strong notion that this same act had its origin in feelings of self-preservation; that is to say, that it emanated with the guilty parties, who, to screen themselves, threw out insinuations unfavorable to others. And this was cunningly done, for, until a culprit was fixed on, the broad eye of the public would have been out in quest of him, but that being accomplished, the vigilance of the body popular ceased, and the actual perpetrator of the heinous deed was left to wander at large, and not even pointed at by the vague finger of suspicion.

As we said, Hurd and Shiers were apprehended and shoved into jail, where they remained for seven weeks, their families the while being left in a state of utter destitution—and then they were let out on a nominal bail, which was soon after discharged from its liabilities, on the ground that the parties who had the men indicted would not come forward to prosecute them.

And why would they not come forward to prosecute? We say nothing;—but Hurd and Shiers state that it is because they knew in their souls that evidence would be produced on the trial which would show conclusively that the prosecutors and not the prosecuted were the men who set fire to the National Theatre.

Now, we maintain that the child yet unborn is not more guiltless of having caused the French Revolution than are Hurd and Shiers of the crime they were charged with, and their positions were such that they could not have been suspected of it by the person or persons who all but swore the offence on them. They had nothing to gain by the act, but much to lose: for they both lived by the theatre, and its destruction has almost amounted to their beggary. Again, Shiers was burned out of house and home by the fire, and it is a proveable fact that Hurd lost five hundred dollars worth of property in the conflagration.



Further, Hurd and Shiers have repeatedly implored the court for trial. Not satisfied with a mere discharge, which scarcely negatives suspicion, they wish to establish their innocence before a jury and they would;—but this little justice is denied them, because the complainants dare not come forward of themselves, and cannot be legally forced out of another state.

A third party has also suffered injury. The persons who caused the imprisonment of Hurd and Shiers, circulated the slander that the owner of the theatre, Mr. Wilson had set fire to it, and his good name and fame have suffered much foul suspicion and abuse in consequence—people thinking he had some pecuniary advantage to derive from its destruction; whereas it is an indubitable fact that the National Theatre, was the prop of his house—the issue of a life of labor—that under its ashes lie buried all his hopes of comfort—and that the hand that gave it to the flames, gave him from affluence to destitution. Almost as soon might we suspect a fond mother of tearing the heart out of her nestling babe, as Mr. Wilson of the crime which the fell tongue of the interested slanderer has dared to impute to him.

But, if Hurd and Shiers are innocent of having set fire to the National Theatre, who is guilty? Ha! there's the rub. Again, we say nothing; but we ask is it not curious that the parties who complained against them are afraid to prosecute them? And we will venture to state that Hurd and Shiers, and others assert openly these parties were themselves the incendiaries!—and further, that to our knowledge they have adduced evidence in proof of this, that we are more than inclined to believe they speak the truth.

There is another mystery about this affair. Immediately after the conflagration, Mr. Russell the treasurer, gave it out that he lost a large amount of property by the fire, and obtained a large amount of sympathy and, we believe, a benefit or two in consequence; whereas, from all we can learn, we have reason to believe he never lost sixpence worth, and that his taking of his wife out of the house in her night dress, was done for effect. However this may be, we call upon Mr. Russell for an explanation, and to show cause for his apathy in securing the ends of justice. And let us add, that he owes it to his reputation to do both, for rumor is now busy with his name; and to come to the point at once, we have heard men accuse him publicly and directly, of a deed which a fiend might blush to be guilty of. If he is innocent, we are his best friend in apprising him of this fact in public, so that he may have fair grounds for coming publicly forward to exonerate himself. If not, we should be happy to know that we had heaped coals of fire upon his head, since it appears that no other kind of justice can be had in the premises.

A few words more, and we have done for the present. It has been intimated to us, that Mr. Sturtevant, a lawyer in Wall street, has been written to from Philadelphia, advising him to abandon the prosecution against Hurd and Shiers, and to have the matter hushed up, no matter what it might cost. Many persons say—aye! We, as we have no positive proof—say nothing.—N. Y. Evening Tattler.

#### ANECDOTES OF CROMWELL.

In reviewing the policy of the protector, there is no circumstance which appears more striking than the extraordinary manner in which he made himself master of the secrets of others, and the happy mystery in which he contrived to involve his own. Even his principal confidant, Thurloe, as we may glean from the following anecdote related by himself, was never enlightened more than was absolutely necessary. Thurloe, it seems, had received orders from the protector to be at a particular hour in Gray's Inn, where he would meet with a stranger, whose description had been previously given to him by Cromwell. To this person, with whom he was forbidden to exchange a word, he was to deliver an order for thirty

thousand pounds, payable to the bearer at Genoa. Thurloe did as he was desired, but never to his dying day dissolved either the secret of the errand, or the name of the person he had so mysteriously encountered.

All the secrets of the little court of Charles the Second were immediately known to Cromwell. He once gave permission to a nobleman to travel on the continent, on condition that he should not see the exiled king. On his return he enquired of the nobleman if he had obeyed his injunctions, to which the other affirmed he had. "It is true," said Cromwell, "that you did not see him, for to keep your word with me you agreed to meet in the dark, and the candles were put out for that purpose." He then related to him what had taken place at the interview.

It was one of Cromwell's maxims that no cost should be spared in obtaining information and it has been computed that he spent £60,000 a year in this article of policy. Hume says that post-masters both at home and abroad were in his pay; carriers were searched and bribed; secretaries and clerks were corrupted; the greatest zealots in all parties were often those who conveyed private information to him, and nothing could escape his vigilant enquiry." This does not appear to have been exaggerated.

The secret of his civilities to the Jews, consisted, it would seem, in the private intelligence which they were enabled to afford him. "Lord Broghill," says his chaplain and biographer Morrice, "could never find out who were Cromwell's spies, till by accident he saw one who was a Jew, and who came to Cromwell's to give intelligence of a Dutch East India fleet. The manner was thus: whilst Lord Broghill was walking with Cromwell in a chamber hung with arras, he saw a fellow peeping in through the hangings, the ugliest, ill-looking fellow that he had ever seen. His lordship happening to espy him first, immediately drew his sword, and was running at him supposing him to be some rogue who was come to do mischief. Cromwell seeing the lord draw his sword with such fury, in a terrible fright asked him what he meant? His lordship told him he saw somebody look into his chamber like a rogue. Upon which Cromwell followed him to the chamber door, and looking over his shoulders, saw who it was, and cried out, 'my lord, a friend!' and then desired his lordship to walk in again, and he would come to him presently. Lord Broghill left them alone together in the outward room, and in a little while Cromwell, having despatched his spy, came to the lord and told him he would only write a line or two and then would return to his lordship. Accordingly, after he had done his business he returned and his lordship asked him if he might know who that fellow was who had been with him? Cromwell answered him that he was one to whom he gave £1000 per annum for intelligence, and that he was a Jew who had now brought him word of the Dutch fleet coming up the channel, which would be a great prize. Therefore, upon this intelligence he had sent orders to Vice Admiral Blake to set upon them, which he did, and brought a vast treasure to Cromwell. This was the only spy the lord saw and he never saw him more after that time.

A curious anecdote related by Wellwoop exhibits the jealous caution of Cromwell in preserving his secrets from others. One night the protector came to Thurloe's office, and had proceeded to some lengths in a business of the utmost secrecy and importance, when he observed a clerk asleep at his desk. This was Mr. Morland, (afterwards sir Samuel Morland) the famous mechanist, and not unknown as a statesman. Cromwell drew his dagger and would have despatched him on the spot, had not Thurloe, with some difficulty, prevented him; assuring him that his intended victim was certainly sound asleep, since, to his own knowledge, he had been sitting up two nights altogether.

This story of Thurloe is curiously corroborated by another statement from another source, of a manner in which a plot of Cromwell's to get into his possession the persons of the king and his brothers, was discovered and prostrated by Charles.

During the residence of Charles at Bruges, a plot was contrived by Cromwell and Thurloe, which was on the point of throwing the young king, as well as his brothers, the Dukes of York and Gloucester, into the hands of the usurper. It had been treacherously intimated to them, through the agency of Sir Richard Willis, that if on a stated day, they would pass over a certain port in Sussex, they would be received on landing by a body of five hundred men, which would be augmented on the following morning by two thousand horse. Had they fallen into the snare, it seems that all three would have been shot immediately on their reaching the shore. The plot was discovered, however, by Sir Samuel Morland, then under Secretary to Thurloe, who, pretending to be asleep at his desk, overheard Cromwell and Thurloe conversing with Willis on the subject and disclosed their designs to the royal party.

#### FREAKS OF NATURE.

Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, according to Pliny and Plutarch, cured all disorders of the spleen with the great toe of his right foot; and others say, he was equally successful in the cure of ulcers in the mouth by the same application. But what is most wonderful, is that when the body of Pyrrhus was burned to ashes, among them was found this surprising great toe entire, it was carried in great pomp, to the temple and there shut up as a relic.

An arm of one of Brutus' captains sweated oil of roses in such abundance, that every endeavour to dry it was useless.

Demophon, *maitre d'hotel* to Alexander was accustomed to warm himself in the shade, and cool himself in the sun.

Don Rodriguez Giran and his brother, when children, were so full of purulent humours, that when they slept together, and touched each other's arms or legs, they adhered so very closely, that it required the strongest efforts to separate them.

I have somewhere read of an Athenian, whose only diet from an infant was hemlock, and he lived to a very advanced age, and also of one Mahomet, a king of Cambria, who accustomed himself to eat the poisonous articles, from a dread of being poisoned, nor would he admit any other food to be given to him. He became so venomous, that if a fly touched him it died immediately.

St. Augustin, in his "City of God," book xiv. ch. xxiii. says, that he saw a man who could perspire whenever he pleased, without any sort of exercise, and the doing of it always afforded him great pleasure.

#### LITERARY PROPERTY.

The manuscript of Robinson Crusoe ran through the whole trade, and no one would print it; the bookseller who at last bought it, cleared one thousand guineas by it. Burns's Justice was disposed of by its author for a mere trifle, as well as Buchan's Domestic Medicine, both of which produced immense incomes. The Vicar of Wakefield the most delightful work in our language, was sold for a few pounds. Dr. Johnson fixed the price of his Lives of the Poets, at two hundred guineas, by which the bookseller, in the course of a few years, cleared upwards of twenty-five thousand pounds. Tonson and all his family rode in their carriages with the profits of the five pound epic poem of Milton. The copyright of Vyse's Spelling Book sold alone for two thousand guineas.

## THE GREEN ROOM.

*Natural Acting of four Supernumeraries.*—

John H. Barton, now managing the new Mobile Theatre with signal ability and success, has been well known and esteemed for some years back, both in this city and in the scene of his present activity. He is a gentleman who brought classical attainments and a passionate mind to the assistance of his early dramatic studies, and with Kembles and the Talma was he associated during his first advancement in the art. The tone of his thought is linked unbendingly with lofty things, and his susceptibilities are of as fine a nature as the strings of the æolian, or the leaf of the plant that closes at the touch of aught save its native sunbeam. We have undertaken a delicate task to tell this anecdote in a manner to avoid wounding such a spirit. It is one, however, that we cannot afford to lose, nor is it at all right that so droll a reminiscence should be lost. It has already travelled across the Atlantic, and been laughed over throughout the profession, and before some bookmaking tourist or stroller picks it up and tells it wrong, we will tell it right.

About four, perhaps five years since, Barton was going through a starring engagement at the Emanuel street Theatre, Mobile, then under management of Ludlow & Smith. At the time, Barton was suffering from an attack of asthma, which threw him into great nervous irritability, and made him more than ever feverishly anxious about his pieces. In rehearsing Wm. Tell, he expressed himself particularly uneasy about a tableau at the end of the second act, where the guards of Gesler overpower the hero of the piece. Barton said he had been repeatedly annoyed by the bungling of awkward supernumeraries in this scene, and for once he insisted upon having the business well performed.

Accordingly, in the evening four stout, athletic fellows were chosen from among the supernumeraries, and between the first and second acts they were brought on the stage for rehearsal. They were shown how to seize Mr. Barton at a certain moment, force him down on one knee, pinion his arms in a particular manner, and so form a lively and picturesque grouping, upon which the curtain was to fall. The stupid fellows grew excited and eager with these instructions, seemed as if they understood all they had to do, and promised to perform every thing just as they were directed.

The curtain rose, and the act went on. Barton spoke to the four men again at the wing, he getting more anxious and nervous every moment.

"Don't be afraid of me—do it *naturally*, my fine fellows—seize me if me if you were four watchmen capturing a hard fighting rowdy—eh! do you perceive? Take hold of me like men, and *cr-r-r-rush* me down as I have shown you! You are the body guards of the tyrant Gesler, and you are seizing William Tell!—remember that—*um umph!*"

The men looked desperate resolution in reply, and stood waiting for their appointed signal to rush on the stage, like four hungry and impatient beasts about to pounce upon some destined object of prey. The moment came. Never before was there such an extraordinary climax put to a scene as occurred then! On came Sarnem with his reinforcement from the castle.

"Seize him!"

The four selected "supes" ran almost over each other at the word, upsetting half a dozen of their fellow soldiers in their eagerness, and rushing upon William Tell like four loosened fiends. They hurried Barton in a most rude and ludicrous manner down into a corner of the stage instead of in the centre. He struggled and gasped with astonishment. Once with a huge effort he succeeded in throwing them off, but they remembered what they had been told, and seized poor Barton again with redoubled force, each man straining every nerve to *cr-r-r-rush* the Hero of Switzerland to the earth.

Barton was seized with horror and astonishment. He became powerless in the grasp of his four herculean assailants. So unexpected and extraordinary was the nature of the dilemma, that he lost even his power of utterance in inten-

sity of agitation, and was forced down upon his back, struggling in vain to speak. The supernumeraries had grown blindly excited and savage with their novel exercise, and the applause they heard from front, remembering nothing of all they had been told except that they were to act naturally, and they did with a vengeance! They got the hero upon his back, and the biggest fellow of the four clapped his knee upon poor Barton's asthmatic chest! who almost in a smothering condition, gasped "*Murder! murder!*" as the curtain was falling! The audience looked a little puzzled about the nature of the tableau, but, nevertheless, applauded it roundly, for certainly nothing could have been more *natural*!

The very next season, that most lady like and accomplished actress, Miss Philips, that was, played an engagement upon this same stage, and, in the course of some merry chat during a morning rehearsal, she related to the company this very anecdote, as an occurrence which took place upon the boards of one of the principal theatres in England! So rumor flies. But the surprise of the lady, and the mirth of the company, formed a rare scene, when she was told that very spot where she was then sitting, the strange event really occurred!—N. O. Picayune.

*From our Correspondent.*

## BALTIMORE.

HOLIDAY ST. THEATRE.—Miss Clifton and Burton closed on Friday night with Hill's benefit, to one of the worst houses among the bad ones they lately acted before, report was that they would open again on Monday next, but Burton having arranged his business in Philadelphia, by closing forever his National Theatre in that city, and joining his fortune with Pratt, considers Baltimore at present unworthy further notice. Doctor Lardner now occupies the Holiday St. Theatre for a course of lectures, commencing on Friday evening.

FRONT ST. THEATRE.—The circus here still continues to flourish, although an accident happened to Ivan Showerwisky, by which he was thrown from the corde volante into the ring, and which it is feared will terminate fatally, has thrown a gloom over the week's business. Levi North appeared last night, he was received with acclamation, he is decidedly the most graceful rider of his day, and will prove a trump card to Messrs. Delavan and Welsh—he has volunteered his services for the benefit of poor Showerwisky to night, as have all the other performers, we like this feeling among brethren of the profession, it proves their hearts are in the right place—we hope the poor sufferer will have a bumper, and we mistake the Baltimoreans much, if they do not fill the house, in every nook and corner, they are never behind hand where charity to a deserving but suffering individual is the object—Miss Lee the pretty "danseuse" also volunteers her aid; we hear that Wemyss and the stockholders also remit the rent, the former gentleman opens again as soon as Welsh and Delavan return to Philadelphia, so that we shall not be left entirely destitute of theatrical amusement.

## WOMEN.

At no time of life should a man give up the thoughts of enjoying the society of women. "In youth," says Lord Bacon, "women are our mistresses, at a riper age our companions, in old age our nurses, and in all ages our friends."

## ATTENTIVE.

"My wife is very attentive to the pigs," said a gentleman the other day, in the presence of several ladies. "That accounts for the attachment to you," responded one of the fair damsels. Pretty sharp joking that.

## WARM, WARMER, WARMEST.

A house with a wife is often warm enough; a house with a wife and her mother is rather warmer than any spot on the known globe; a house with mothers-in-law is so excessively hot, that it can be likened to no place on earth at all, but one must go lower for a simile.

## WOMEN AND CLOCKS.

Fontenelle being one day asked by a Lord in waiting, what difference there was between a clock and a woman, instantly replied—"A clock serves to point out the hours, and a woman to make us forget them."

## CUTTING.

"Mr. —," said one gentleman to another, "you are a fine looking fellow." "Well, really, sir, I wish I could return the compliment," coolly answered the other. "You could," was the sharp retort, "if you would lie one half as bad as I did."

## CURIOUS ECONOMY.

There never was a wiser maxim than that of Franklin; "Nothing is cheap which you do not want." Yet how perfectly insane many persons are on the subject of buying cheap things. "Do tell me why you have bought that cast of door plate?" asked the husband of one of these notable bargainners. "Dear me," replied the wife, "you know its always my plan to lay up things against time of need; who knows but you may die, and I may marry a man with the same name as that on the door plate!"

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